

HISTORY OF ROBERT BOOTH MONTGOMERY, WRITTEN BY HIS DAUGHTER: RUBY
MONTGOMERY HISTORY #2

My father, Robert Booth Montgomery, was born 13 September 1854 at Cregmark, Ayrshire County, Scotland. He was the son of Robert and Mary Loury Montgomery. He was the fourth child in a family of seven children. The children's names were: Agnes, Sarah, Mary, Livingston, Elizabeth, and Christina.

He immigrated to America with his mother, brothers and sisters. They sailed on the Ship William Topscot from Liverpool, England. They were under the direction of William Gibson, John Clark, and Francis M. Lyman. Some of his friends from Scotland on board were: William Lindsay, Robert Lindsay and John M. Murdock family. After six weeks on the water, they arrived safely in New York.

They traveled across the country with an ox team with the Captain Duncan Company. My father and those older walked so the small children and provisions could be hauled. They arrived at Kansas City and waited for the arrival of their husband and father, Robert Sr., who with his friend Jimmy Laird, had come to Utah in 1861. They had located in Heber City, Wasatch County, Utah and had built a good log house with dirt floors and roof, ready to receive his long parted loved ones. Food was scarce, winters severe and cold and the affects of working many years in Scotland as a coal miner began to tell on him. His health broke. So, when the time came for him to go for his family, he was too ill. His friend, Jimmy Laird, went instead. His wife, Mary, unaware of his illness waited in camp expectantly. One night while sleeping in a covered wagon, she heard a clear Scotch voice calling, "Is Mary Montgomery aboard?" Excitement prevailed then changed to disappointment as she learned of her husband's condition. But courage was common in that perserving band, and they made their way to Utah best they could.

Robert Sr. was over-joyed at seeing his family. Within six months, he developed pneumonia and died, 10 January, 1863 leaving his wife and little children at the mercy of a new country and that of Indian hostilities. He was buried in a plot of ground north-east of the town site of Heber.

Since he was a splendid carpenter, he possessed a fine set of tools, these his wife disposed of for money to live on. Also, so that the children might have milk, she traded a valuable Scotch Paisley shawl for a cow to President Abe Hatch who owned the Hatch Store where the Exchange stood.

Even though my father was only eight, he was hired out to work for Bishop Hunter where he worked for several years. At twelve, he and his brother Livingston who was eight, hauled wood from nearby canyons for fuel. At seventeen he was blacksmithing in the mines at Alta and Big Cottonwood. While there, a cave-in occurred and broke his shoulder and hand from which he suffered pain the rest of his life.

Within fifty feet of his mothers front door was built the first school house in Heber City. It was a log building sixteen by forty feet. My father attended school during the months when he couldn't work. The first teachers there were Brigham Young, Sam Wing, Rone Duke, and John Chatwin. The first three mentioned later became his brothers-in-law. It was here that Sam Wing gave him the only musical training he ever received.

At twenty, he married Sarah Young. To this union, no children came. Ill health prevailed with this young wife, and on February 2, 1882 she died and was buried at Heber City.

For some years he freighted and worked at the Dan Lambert Lumber Mill. He was once invited to spend the weekend at the Lambert home in Kamas. This he did and while putting their teams away, Dan's sister, Elizabeth (who later became my mother) saw this stranger through the window and cried, "Oh, look mother at Dan's good looking friend. I'm going to set my cap for him." For this she received a reprimand. Yet later Father told her how shy she was when he met her but how he loved her at sight.

On October 7, 1885 they were married in the Logan Temple. This love was strong through all the years. Twelve children were born to them. Pearl, Robert, Oliver, Hazel, Parley, Forest, Shield, Ruby, LaPreal, Dan, Cebert, and Earl.

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On three occasions their home was saddened by the loss of children. Robert was taken away at a year, Pearl, who had grown into a beautiful girl of twelve, died of dropsy after a long illness, and later Dan, a flaxen haired baby of a few months also passed away. Trials such as these were hard to bear. I can seem to see my mother now smiling through the tears, my father rushing out to hide his grief.

Those who knew my mother loved her. Her type of beauty could best be described as wholesome. A tall plump girl with dark grey-blue eyes, fair skin with vivid coloring. She never used makeup yet was often asked if she used rouge. Her features were fine and seemed most perfect. These were set off by a wealth of blue-black wavy hair that fell below her knees when unpinned. A photo in my possession taken of her and her sisters with hair falling is often taken to be that of circus women.

Mother was the daughter of John and Hancena Lambert. She was born at Kamas, Utah, June 14, 1865. She received her education in Kamas and after her marriage moved to Heber City. She was active in Relief Society and other Church work. Her family was her one great interest and to them she devoted many years of kindly service. Her good influence was felt most keenly. While in bed after the birth of a wee baby girl, my father brought in his friend, Joseph Hatch to see his new offspring. He stepped into the room, paused, and said, "Oh, that I were an artist what wealth would be mind." Mother was genteel and refined, for her it seemed easy to be good. She was friendly, kind, and sympathetic to everyone. I have older cousins who tell of playing truant from school to go visit with mother. She would stop her work and prepare a lunch for them all. The "hooky" part was kept from her, of course.

She was a splendid manager and my father recognized that trait, and usually left the business end of things to her. A strong sweet singing voice was another of her possessions and together with father whose voice was good also, would sing hymns and popular songs. When not singing, violin music was in order. In spite of my father's limited training he became a very good violin player because of his natural musical ability. A fiddler, he called himself. He found himself in much demand to play for dances, weddings, and other social affairs. His violin was a close companion.

The home of my parents was small and humble. It had three large rooms of frame construction built on a town lot of one-half block size. Its location was at the corner of East and Center Street. They owned a farm on the outskirts of town which my father farmed and as a side line, worked in his shop at blacksmithing and carpenter work. He showed talent closely akin to a genius in that he could do most any kind of work.

He had a wonderful physique, close to six feet tall and weighing from 180 to 200 pounds, broad of shoulder and very erect. His eyes and hair were black with well proportioned features, and a healthy clear skin that looked as one person said, "Just freshly scrubbed." He was a walking advertisement of health. I use the word walking because I firmly believe his good health was due to his great love of walking which exercise he indulged into a great extent each day. If the distance was short of three or four miles, he spurned to ride.

During prohibition, he heard that our neighbor was the son of his old friend and proceeded to call. It being Christmas morning, these people as they explained to him later, were indulging in a drink of wine. As he turned in the gate, they saw him and exclaimed, "Here's the sheriff, dump that quickly" which they did. After introductions and explanations, they treated him royally though not to wine.

Although his schooling was meagre, he was keenly intelligent and loved to read and through gleaning the grain from the chaff he gained a very good practical education. He was an interesting conversationalist and was possessed of a ready wit and a deep sense of humor. His old friend, George Van Wagoner, related to me the following incident which took place while he and my father stood conversing on the street. Ed Buys came by, "Good Morning, boys, how are you?" Ed was possessed of a deep base voice. When he had walked on my father said, "Say, George, when that fellow dies, his hide ought to make a fine base drum."

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To share with others was my fathers greatest delight. Friends who dropped in must have a cup of tea. Strangers traveling through enjoyed his hospitality. Their teams were put up and fed and the travelers were taken in the house where they were warmed, fed, and given a bed.

When illness or death occurred in the community, his services were given. If fire raised a widow's home, he offered his time and help to re-built it. He gave to all of his cheerful disposition--of his vivid personality--and his friends can be counted by the score.

My father's parents were converted and baptized in Scotland. He was baptized in the LDS Church when eight years of age. He was active in Church activities, being a Seventy when death occurred. His family were know for their unusual personality and ready wit. Of his sister, Agnes Turner, it is told that she met a neighbor who was crying. My aunt asked why she grieved. "Oh", said Mrs. F., "My only daughter has ran away and married a man who isn't a Mormon."

My Aunt who knew the man referred to, replied, "Well, I'd not worry about that, for there's many a mon who's gone doon into the waters that shood have been droon."

The nicest compliment ever paid me came in an indirect way. The old Dr. Lindsay (who is now living in Scotland) was a very good friend of my Grandmother Montgomery. Upon my being introduced to him, he invited me to call and added, "Your Grandmother was a splendid person, she was one of natures sweetest gentle women, and I'm glad to know her grandchild."

Life for my father held lots of joy because of his habit of painting the clouds with sunshine. But there came into his horizon, one cloud of sorrow that remained forever there. Mother, who had been his joy and inspiration became ill. For nine long months she steadily grew worse, everything that prayer or medical science could do was done, but in vain. She died May 19, 1908. That deathbed scene shall stay in my mind as long as I live. Neither will I forget the tender kindness my father manifested to us children in trying to be both father and mother to his brood of little ones who ranged in age from eighteen months to seventeen years.

I was the next oldest girl and was but 9 years old. With his arm around my shoulder, Father explained that I must help him carry the responsibility of raising the little ones. This I did, even long after I married. Father remained a faithful parent. He confined his work to that of the shop, so that he might be home to help in the house and care for the children. Long years went by. He never married, but he lived to see his children married and settled in life.

He always enjoyed good health until a paralytic stroke hit him on the left side and made him unable to walk without a cruch and someone to help him. I moved with my family to his home in Heber and took care of him for one year. Cebert and Earl were good to help. At the end of the school year, we took Dad to our place to live and he seemed happy because he had many friends who came to see him. Uncle John Montgomery, also Uncle Leay, came very often to see him. Wallace had finished two extra rooms and bath and he had a room to himself.

In July of 1925, Shield took him to visit them for one night so Wallace and I could go to the 4th of July dance. That night he took another hard stroke which took his speech. For a week he was very sick, and Dr. T. A. Dannenberg said not to move him. In about four weeks, I got him back to our place where he did good again. He had many slight strokes which didn't last long. Then, on Thursday, January 22, at 1:00 p.m. he took a hard one and didn't know anyone. The following Sunday night at 1:00 p.m. January 26, 1930, he died.

Cebert and wife Veda, Earl and Atha were good to bath and shave him when Wallace wasn't home. (He worked in Strawberry on roads.) Fay and Lois would help me move him around. He enjoyed Bob who was 4 years old at that time. Dad was a good neighbor and friend to all who knew him. Ready to help the sick and dying. Always spoke a word of encouragement to the sad in heart. He had a very good memory. His greatest hobby was playing the violin, which I still have. It was made in 1703. He loved little children, always having a treat for them. He was witty in his remarks and good company for both young and old.

Dad sold his farm to Shield. Some how Dad never got any money out of it. After Dad came to my place, he sold his home and I put it in the bank so he wouldn't worry about being buried by his children. When he died, and everything was paid, I divided

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what was left and sent to each of his children equal. I did this even though no one helped to care for him. Parley and Janna wrote often from Washington state and would always send \$5.00 or \$10.00 to him.

Dad always said that Wallace (Dad) did more for him than anyone else of his children and said he hoped he would be first to meet Wallace when he died. I feel he was there to greet him. Wallace died of a heart attack Nov. 28, 1973 - just after he had ate his lunch - Bob got here just before he died within 15 minutes (1:15) on a bright wed - he was 84 years old. 1973.